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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

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THE LESSEE & DIRECTOR begs to announce that he has entered into arrangements for a short tour in the Provinces, commencing the latter part of January, for which purpose he has concluded engagements with the following celebrated artists:—

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NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

NOTICE.—Members are informed that Mr. T. H. WRIGHT has resigned the Secretarialy, and that Mr. J. BRAVEN, of 25, Great Western Terrace, Paddington, has been appointed; to whom, in future, all communications respecting the Society are to be addressed.

[December 24, 1864.]

MR. FRANK ELMORE will sing, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU," by Ascher, at Coatbridge, December 24; Kirkcaldy, January 4; City Hall, Glasgow, January 14; Aberdeen, January 21.

MISS JULIA WOOLF will play her new Pianoforte piece, "THE FLOWING TIDE," at her concert on Wednesday evening, December 28th, at the Hanover Square Rooms.

MISS JULIA WOOLF and MR. R. SYDNEY PRATTEN will perform a grand Potpourri, by BUCHER and J. BENEDICT, for Flute and Piano, at her Concert on Wednesday evening next.

MISS JULIA WOOLF and HERR POLLITZER will perform Beethoven's celebrated SONATA in F Major, for Piano and Violin, at her Concert on Wednesday evening next.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE. MISS JULIA WOOLF'S Concert will take place on Wednesday Evening next. To commence at 8 precisely. *Vocalists*—Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Susan Pyne, Miss Ransford, Miss Benson, Mr. Walworth, and Mr. Elliot Galer. *Instrumentalists*—Miss Julia Woolf, Madame R. S. Pratten, Herr Pollitzer, Mr. R. S. Pratten, and Mr. Levy. *Conductor*—Mr. S. Nayler. *Admission*—Stalls, 5s.; Centre Seats, 3s.; Aren, 2s.; Orchestra, 1s. Tickets to be had at the rooms.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARD'S will play MENDELSSOHN'S FIRST CONCERTO, and a selection from Beethoven—with Mr. Henry Blagrove at the SWANSEA FESTIVAL, December 28th.

MISS FLORENCE DE COURCY will sing "HARK! THE BELLS ARE RINGING," composed by HENRY SMART, at Egham, Jan. 4.

MR. ELLIOT GALER will sing Ascher's Popular Song, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU," at Miss Woolf's Concert, Hanover Square Rooms, Wednesday evening, Dec. 28.

M. SAINTON begs to announce that he will return to Town immediately after Christmas. 5, Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, W.

MADAME SAINTON DOLBY begs to announce that she will return to Town for the season immediately after Christmas, when her vocal meetings and private lessons will be resumed. 5, Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

MISS ROSE HERSEE will sing "THE KNIGHT AND THE MAIDEN," expressly composed for her by EMILE BERGER, at Hounslow, Dec. 30.

MADLLE. GEORGI AND MADLLE. CONSTANCE GEORGI having left for Barcelona to fulfil an engagement at the Royal Opera, all communications are requested to be addressed to care of Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street, W.

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CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.
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CHRISTMAS WAITS.

In "A Gossip about Christmas and Folk Lore ("N & Q.", 2nd S. viii. 486), your correspondent, Ambrose Merton, asks:—

"Why should not the same research which Sandys, Rimbault, and Chappell have employed upon the subject of Christmas Carols be extended to other remarkable features of the great Christian Festival? What though the Waits seem tired of waiting, and to have disappeared, is there not much yet to be gathered concerning their past history?" &c.

To this challenge Dr. Rimbault has replied only so far as to have answered several questions about waits in your columns, while Mr. Sandys has reposited upon his former contributions to their history in *Christmas Tide*. Much has already appeared in my *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and elsewhere. I now propose to sum up what the various quotations that have been adduced may be considered to have proved; and to make such additions as are necessary for completeness, rather than to multiply citations to the same effect or upon minute points of their history.

And, first, I think it has been shown that, in early times, the wayghtes, or waits, were musical night-watchmen in palaces, in castles, in camps, and in walled towns; who "piped watch" at stated hours during the night—perhaps for the purpose of calling up or changing the guard—and who awoke certain persons at appointed times by soft music at their chamber doors. The numerous tenures of land by wait-service prove the importance formerly attached to the office of wait; and these tenures will be found in widely distant parts of the country:—

"In the time of Henry the Third," says Mr. Sandys, "Simon, le Wayte, held a virgate of land at Rockingham, in Northamptonshire, on the tenure of being castle-wayte, or watch, and the same custom was observed in other places."—*Christmas Tide*, p. 62.

A "virgate" was forty acres. Among the instances in Blount's *Ancient Tenures of Land*, two from Norfolk may suffice. First, Thomas Spelman held the manor of Narborough (near Swaffham), with that of Wingrave, by Knight Service, and by paying fourteen shillings annually for wayte-fee and castle-guard. Secondly, John le Marshal held the manor of Buxton (near Aylham) by paying a mark every six weeks for guarding the castle of Norwich, and fifteen shillings quarterly for wayte-fee at the said castle. Similar cases are quoted by Mr. E. Smike, in his *Observations on Wait Service mentioned in the Liber Winton, or Winchester Domesticks*; and he adds that, in the earldom of Cornwall, they who held their lands on the tenure of keeping watch at the castle gate of Launceston, "owed suit to" [i. e. were under the jurisdiction of] "a special court, in the nature of a Court Baron, called the *Curia Vigilie, Curia de Gayté, or Wayternesse Court*, of which many records are still extant in the offices of the Exchequer, and among the records of the Duchy." (Archæological Journal, No. 12, Dec., 1846).

It will be observed in the above, that the Latin name of the Court of Waits was *Curia Vigilie* (the *Curia de Gayté* being the "Court of Minstrels, among whom waits were then included"). Again, in the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, we find "Wayte, waker, vigil;" and this remark is not altogether needless, since, in a communication to the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. Bond, Egerton Librarian in the British Museum, seems to translate "vigiles, viol players." It is in "Notices of the Last Days of Isabella, Queen of Edward II.", drawn from an Account of the Expenses of her Household" (published in the 35th volume of the *Archæologia*), and the passage stands thus:—

"Frequent payments to minstrels playing in the Queen's presence occur, sufficient to show that Isabella greatly delighted in this entertainment; and these are generally minstrels of the King, the Prince, or of noblemen—such as the Earl of March, the Earl of Salisbury, and others. And we find a curious story of a payment of thirteen shillings and fourpence to Walter Hert, one of the Queen's 'Vigiles' (viol players), going to London and staying there in order to learn minstrelsy at Lent time; and of a further sum to the same on his return from London—'de scola menstrualie'."

This is perhaps the only notice we have of the school of minstrelsy for waits and others established in London in Edward's reign. The duties of the waits are more clearly defined in the *Liber Niger Domus Regis* of Edward IV. than in any other book or manuscript with which I am acquainted. Having quoted them *in extenso* in *Popular Music* (p. 547), an epitome may here suffice. And first, during the winter nights (from Michaelmas to Shrove

Thursday) a wayte was to "pipe watch" four times within the court of the palace, and, in summer nights, three times. He was also to make "bon gaité" at every chamber door and office, not only for the purpose of being heard by the inmates, but also to keep away thieves. He was paid either 3d. or 4d. daily, at the discretion of the steward and treasurer, besides being clothed and boarded with the minstrels, and partaking with the household of general gifts, on the footing of a groom of the household. Each night that he was on duty he received a gallon of ale and a loaf, and was supplied with coals and candles of pitch. Lastly, at making of knights of the bath, for his attendance upon them by night in watching in the chapel, he took for his fee "all the watching clothing" that the knight then wore." In a list of musicians attending on King Edward III., extracted from a manuscript roll of the officers of his household (*Hawkins' Hist. b. 5, ch. 46*), "Wayghtes" are included among minstrels, and stand at the bottom of the list. They are distinguished from other pipers, for there are five "Pypers" and three "Wayghtes." And here it may be observed that, although waits are usually named in the plural number, the preceding extracts sufficiently prove that Dr. Busby has too lightly assumed that the word has no singular.

And now as to the *instrument* upon which they performed, and to which they gave their name. Charles Butler, in his *Principles of Musick*, 1636, identifies the wait with the *hoboy* or *hautboy* of his time. The agreement is not so exact with the modern *hoboy*, for this is played with a reed, and made but of one small size, whereas the ancient waits or *hoboy*s were of four different sizes, for playing music in four parts, and the mouthpiece was of quill, perhaps more easily blown, but less durable than the reed. Speaking of concerts of instrumental music, Butler says:—

"The several kinds of instruments are commonly used by themselves, as a set of viols, a set of waits, or the like; but sometimes, upon some special occasion, many of both sorts are most sweetly joined in concert."

Although the waits have only hitherto been named as night-watchmen, they, even in early times, enjoyed certain exclusive privileges by day, when duly appointed by towns or corporations; and, after castles had been dismantled, and internal fortifications were no longer needed, these day-privileges became the most important part of their emoluments. The waits continued to parade the streets in the winter nights, even to the latter half of the last century, but it is doubtful whether they were directly paid for it, otherwise than by gratuities from the inhabitants at Christmas.

As the musicians of corporate bodies and towns, we arrive at the second, and more generally known stage of their history. In nearly all the books of household expenditure of early date, we find donations to waits of the towns through which the great man passed. In those of Sir John Howard, of Henry VII., and of Henry VIII., payments are recorded to the waits of London, of Colchester, of Dartford, Canterbury, Dover, of Coventry, Northampton, &c. Still, when no longer filling the duties of castle-watchmen, they ceased to limit their performance to the one pipe. Indeed, it is doubtful whether, at any time, they used it exclusively. Mr. Sandys has quoted two lines from the romance of *Richard Cœur de Lion*:—

"A Wayte ther com in a kernel (*battement*),
And a pyped a moot in a flagel" (*flagolet*).

(See Weber's *Metrical Romances*, vol. ii. p. 263.)

The waits of corporate bodies wore badges, usually of silver, and, in the case of the city of London, these badges were suspended from silver collars. In one of the Lord Mayor's processions, in 1575, the waits are described as wearing blue gowns, with red sleeves and red caps, "every one having his silver collar about his neck." The compliment paid to the waits of London by so great a musician as Morley, proves that they then ranked highly as instrumentalists, and that they could play upon many instruments. In dedicating his *Consort Lessons* to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, in 1599, Morley says:—

"As the ancient custom of this most honorable and renowned city hath been ever to retain and maintain excellent and expert musicians to adorn your Honour's favours, feasts, and solemn meetings—to these, your Lordship's Ways, I recommend the same—to your servants' careful and skilful handling."

Now the concert lessons which the waits were to play are for six instruments, viz. two viols (one treble and one base), a flute, a cittern (or English guitar, as it has since been called, strung with wire), a treble lute, and a pandora. The last was a large instrument of the lute kind, but, like the cittern, strung with wire instead of gut.

The waits of Norwich were equally complimented about the same time. Will Kemp, the actor, says in his *Morris Dance from London to Norwich*, that few cities have waits like those of Norwich, and none better: and that, besides their excellency in wind instruments, and their rare cunning on the viol and violin, they had admirable voices, every one of them being able to serve as a chorister in any cathedral. Waits did certainly perform in cathedrals occasionally: for instance, in the *Fabric Rolls of York Minster* (Surtees Society, No. 35), under the year 1624, we find an entry—"To the Waits of Yorke, for playing in the quire two several times, thirteen shillings and fourpence;" and, as this follows immediately upon an entry of seven shillings and sevenpence "to one Warde for vyall stringes," we may assume that they played upon viols. It will be remembered that there are Minstrel Galleries in several of our cathedrals, but here the performance is stated to have been by the choir. So also in theatres. The plays were then in the afternoon, and the waits could assist without interfering with their night duties. This "mercenary music," as Roger North calls it, might also be hired to serenade a mistress, or to wake her with music in the morning—to give her a "hunt up," or "good morrow."

WILLIAM CHAPPELL.

30, Upper Harley Street.

(To be continued.)

OPERA IN VIENNA.*

I.

When we see the progress which the magnificent new Opera-house is making from day to day, and read in the papers how such artists as Schwind, Rahl, &c., are charged with the task of decorating the interior of it, we feel inclined to indulge in transports of delight that Vienna will at last possess a temple devoted to the Muses in the erection of which no trouble has been spared, while to ornament it the aid of real, genuine artists has been called on, and not, as is usually the case here, that of ossified mediocrities, whose studios are scarcely distinguishable from a government office. But if we begin to think of the wretched state of our operatic affairs at present, we are seized with a dismal fit of shuddering. What! Shall the entire wretched system, as it now exists, make its entry with trumpets and kettledrums into this magnificent building, and desecrate a temple decorated by artists to do honour to art? Such an event would be terrible. If we do not desire subsequently to repent having spent so many millions on the edifice; if we do not wish the artists to blush hereafter at having thrown away their talent, their intellect, and their industry for an unworthy purpose, we must render the picture worthy of the frame it is to have; we must think in earnest of breaking decidedly with the rotten Past; of at length commencing reforms; and of proceeding in a fresh course.

Three more years will probably elapse before the new Opera-house, completely finished, will open its doors to the public. During these three years, our whole operatic system ought to be thoroughly reformed. The time is short for so comprehensive a task; but, if commenced at once, the latter may be accomplished. We will not, however, restrict ourselves to mere general expressions. We leave it to others simply to find fault with the existing state of affairs, condemn everything, and then wash their hands of the Future. To improve and not to condemn is the duty of criticism. From the very beginning has the *Recensionen* adopted this axiom as its unvarying guide, and we will not prove unfaithful to it now. If an individual artist, or an entire art-institute, has gone astray, it is not sufficient to prove the fact and keep continually shouting it in the offender's ear; we are bound to point out to him the way back and the possibility of his returning by it. Above all, we should be ready to meet, with decided, practicable, and rational proposals for improvement, every possible objection. This we will now endeavour to do to the best of our ability.

It is not, we suppose, necessary for us to demonstrate again that

* From the Vienna *Recensionen*.

our operatic affairs are in a state of utter disorganisation. If anyone will only read the *Recensionen*, and the *feuilletons* of Hanslick and Schalle in both *Presses*; if he will listen to those persons who understand the subject, or simply hear what the intelligent portion of the public say; if he will ask the artists of the Opera themselves (but only when he is with no more than one at a time, otherwise they are not sincere), he will no longer be able to entertain any doubt that the condition of our Opera is a deplorable one.

The necessary, nay indispensable, reforms may, at starting, be ranged under two categories: the administrative and artistic. The administrative reforms affect, above all, the position of the Opera-house as an Imperial Theatre. The *Recensionen*, and the *Recensionen* alone, has repeatedly ventilated this question. Nevertheless, we reserve the right of returning to it: as, however, it equally affects the Burgtheater, we prefer discussing it at some future period, in a separate paper, and will here consider only the artistic side of the subject.

When we speak of reorganisation and reforms, we do not do so with reference to those errors and instances of perverseness on the part of the management which at once strike every one, and have been censured a hundred times in this journal: such, for example, as the retirement of the stage-manager: the want of a lady for *bravura*, and of another for second vocal dramatic, parts; the monotonous and defective repertory; the unparalleled badness of the scenery; the Capelmeisters' want of authority, &c., &c. No; we refer to the principle, the system, or, rather, the want of principle and system, on which everything connected with opera is based among us and throughout Germany.

There are two fundamental principles which we would fain see acknowledged as the basis of a reorganisation of the entire German operatic system. They are: *Distribution of labour*, and *development of specialities*.

The operatic repertory of Germany is completely cosmopolitan. We are far from looking upon this as a fault; on the contrary, we should deeply regret if, like the French repertory, it were almost exclusively restricted to native productions. Art should have no territorial boundaries and no national limits. But such a cosmopolitan repertory is precisely the one which, if all its different branches are to flourish equally, absolutely requires a distribution of the work, and the development of specialities. It is a strange fact that the Germans, who are always so inclined conscientiously to copy the French capital in all the absurdities of its fashions, generally close their eyes and ears to the numerous reasonable and practical measures in force there. What but the division of labour and the development of specialities, has, for nearly a century, maintained the French operatic system, especially the Opéra-Comique, at a comparatively high elevation? If this plan has proved so successful in France, where, after all, it appears only in two kinds of style, how much more desirable is it for Germany, where there are so many kinds? Every one cannot be capable of everything. But our singers, after singing Raoul or Lothengrin yesterday, sing Edgardo or Manrico to-day, and George Brown or Fra Diavolo to-morrow. The result is that they are equally mediocre in every style, and not even in the one especially suited to them do they attain that degree of excellence which they would decidedly reach, could they devote themselves exclusively to the one style in question.

It is principally the comic opera which is so badly off in Germany. It is usual, now a days, to assert that German singers cannot speak dialogue; that they cannot act; and that, generally, they are not fitted for comic opera. This has been so frequently said and repeated that people have accustomed themselves to look upon it as a mournful but irremediable fact. Matters have reached such a pitch that the singers themselves are firmly convinced of their own incapacity in this respect, and do not endeavour to overcome it, while the public accept, as a matter of course, the very worst exhibitions in this department of art.

We do not hesitate a single instant denying the truth of this opinion, and characterising it as no more than a deeply rooted prejudice. We have attended more than one performance at the Paris Opéra-Comique, where, among all the artists engaged, not one possessed an especially fine voice, and not one could boast of any eminent histrionic talent, and yet the performance, as a whole, was an artistic treat. The fact is, the artists knew how to move about and comport themselves upon the stage; they talked and

sang correctly, and, in one word, had been *schooled* for this especial line of business. Now, we believe we may boldly assert that German singers could succeed in doing the same, if they choose, and if an opportunity were afforded them of educating their powers in one particular direction. Let no person object that the language and the temperament of Germans would place unsurmountable obstacles in the way. Old opera-goers, who remember the palmy days of the Prussian capital, in the time of Sontag, and our own Karlsruherthor theatre, when Wild, Forti, Cramolini, the Henkel, etc., were in their prime, will bear us out on maintaining that such is not the case.

At present, we have merely endeavoured to point out, in quite a general way, the condition of operatic affairs in Germany, and the reforms which we think ought to be introduced. We will now proceed to offer in detail practical suggestions, calculated to bring about what we consider a more suitable organisation of operatic matters in future, and we will specify the means by which the end we propose might be attained. Though many of the following remarks may be applicable to most of the large German theatres, we have, properly speaking, only *one own* opera in view, and we take the present condition of our own Opera-house as the starting point of our remarks.

(To be continued.)

Muttoniana.

The art of immungling by immuniton is effete. Solon was no goose.

Mr. Ap'Mutton has been less or more in the blues these latter days. He has felt as though he were less or more spleened; at all events, on Woden's day, he experienced a numbness in the splenick artery. Moreover, he saw Mr. Rippington Pipe at the Duke and Boot. Mr. Pipe was put about about something, but refused explanation. It is Mr. Ap'M.'s platform not to be put out by anything, even by Mr. Rippington Pipe; that is his (Ap'M.'s) platform. So leaving the Duke and Boot, after a glass of milk and brandy, and a chat with the landlord's pretty wife and daughter, he (Ap'M.) proceeded leisurely to his own four quarters. On the way he encountered Mr. Simcock House; and so crossed it (the way); but Mr. House persistently followed, and, tapping him (Ap'M.) on the hand sinister with an umbrella, hurt his (Ap'M.'s) splenitis, which has tingled since. Arrived at the King and Beard, Mr. Ap'M. lit his meerschaum, which Miss Fleece Ap'Mutton habitually empties and fills; but no sooner lighted, than the spleen. Dr. Bile, being sent for, prescribed miltwaste; but the scolopendrac spleenwort (a kind of ceterach) proving of scant efficacy, he (Ap'M.) groaned with dolor till sleep caught him unsuspectedly. He woke again, with a peptic *migraine*, which made him shiver. What caused it (the *migraine*), he is at a pinch to guess. Dr. Bile, who had brotherly looked in, now prescribed dandelion and canary dust (Bile's fecundity of resource is not astounding), which at any rate did not immitigate the symptoms. He (Ap'M.) would not experience such another nobsmart for a feoffment. Nevertheless, it is his platform not to grumble.

Mr. Ap'M. finds many communications in the rabbit holes of his secretary, and misses his Wire sorely. To answer all, or in great part, is fairly impracticable; to insert all, or in great part, is fairly impossible. For instance, Mr. Drinkwater Hard, in a letter of many sides, asks who was Ferculus. Now, though Mr. Ap'M. perfectly well remembers the time when the worship of Ferculus was extant among Sabines (and anteriorly, among Etrurians), he does not feel impelled to describe this worship on a polyhedral papyrus, for the instruction and amusement of Mr. Hard, who, in his (Ap'M.'s) opinion had in future better apply for such information to *Lloyd's (Newspaper)* or to the *Comic Noose*, or to the Brothers Mayhew impersonally. Mr. Hard's instance is but one of divers instances. Mr. Ap'Mutton, however, can notice no others of them. The art of immungling by immuniton is effete.

The subjoined is scarcely less to the purport:—

To the *Editor of Muttoniana*.

Sir,—“A house divided against itself,” &c., &c.

Look on this Picture!

and On this!!

From the “——,” August 6th, 1864.
“*Idylle rustique*, for the Pianoforte. By Charles Edward Stephens. Mr. Stephens's rustic piece is really a charming work, full of character, and yet possessing a freshness not often met with in so-called pastoral effusions. The introduction of the movement *legato* in D flat after the well designed rustic melody in E is very effective, and gives variety to the piece.”

No doubt a public newspaper has as much right as a private individual to change its opinions every three months on the merits or demerits of a piece of music, but we have rarely seen a critic avail himself of the editorial “we” by having two different opinions on the same subject without so brief a space of time. We tolerate it in the *Punch* occasionally, on the plea that that paper represents rather the fluctuating opinions of the public than any special ones of its own. But then the “——” is not the *Punch*, and musical opinions are not subject to the same variations as political ones. Hence if two opposing critiques be issued by the same paper with only three months interval, the one must stultify the other. I should be glad to know which of the above two criticisms is the “genuine article.” Perhaps the “——” considers that both sides are entitled to be represented. In this case we may yet be favored with a *third* critique in the shape of a resumé or judicial (if not judicious) summing-up, by which the final opinion of the reviewer may be arrived at. Composers will do well in future not to be over-elated by the “first symptoms” of the “——” praise, nor over disheartened by its censure, but wait with patience for the second judgment, which in some instances may be an improvement upon the first. Meanwhile, I feel curious to know how a piece for the pianoforte can be at the same time “full of character” and “very common-place;” how it can possess “a freshness not often met with,” and contain “variety,” and yet present “no novelty of conception or treatment.” and how “A REALLY CHARMING WORK” can have nothing more “said in its favor” than that it is “useful for teaching purposes.” IGNORAMUS.

Mr. Ap'Mutton is at a pinch to advise Mr. Ignoramus. But, some years ago, as at Vienna, his (Ap'M.'s) old friend, Ludwig van Beethoven, consoled his (Ap'M.'s) other old friend, Carl Maria von Weber, in a not quite similar predicament (touching the failure of *Euryanthe*), by pulling out a paper and showing Weber how he (Beethoven), or rather a symphony by him (Beethoven), had been abused, so Mr. Ap'M. may console Mr. Ignoramus, with the assurance that his (Ap'M.'s) oratorio, *Methuselah*, or *Methusalem* (to rhyme better with *Jerusalem*), was not fully comprehended at the outset, and that one critic announced two opinions of it (*Methuselah*), not of the same color, though in the same sheet.

MR. AP'MUTTON—MOS HONORED SIR,—I beg to call your attention to the *Musical Flag* of Dec. 3rd. On the 181st page of that journal is printed a hymn-tune with the following title in capital letters:—

THE MUSICAL COLOURS & PRIZE TUNE.

For the Hymn

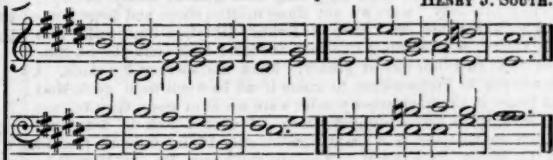
“*Jerusalem the Golden*,”

Composed by HENRY J. SOUTH.

Lothbury.

No. 1. Fifth and sixth strain of the prize tune.

HENRY J. SOUTH.



No. 2.



Part of the sixth and seventh bars of the “First Violet,” by Mendelssohn.

Then follows the tune, which I have examined, and I find to my great surprise that Mr. Henry J. South has not composed the whole tune, for at the fifth and sixth strains he has took Mendelssohn for a partner. Now, judge for yourself, most worthy and esteemed Ap'Mutton; here are the two strains mentioned, also a strain from Mendelssohn's beautiful song, "The first violet." How like a whale? I have transposed Mendelssohn's music from the key of F, so that they may be more easily compared. By your kind permission I give this prize-tune the name, "Patchwork," compiled by Henry J. South, Lothbury.

I am, most honoured Sir, yours truly,

VIOL SONX.

Stockport—Dec. 12.

When Mr. Ap'Mutton obtained the prize for the best eight-voice anthem—offered by a Dutch society at Berg op'Zoom (in 1714)—he (Ap'M.) was accused by Buononcini, his (Ap'M.'s as well as Handel's) stark enemy, of having "took" his (Ap'M.'s) friend, Sebastian Bach, into partnership; but the sequel proved that he (Bach) had really "took" into partnership him (Ap'M.). The theme of Bach's three-voice fugue (No. 8 of the *Well-tempered Clavier*) is identical with the theme of Ap'M.'s eight-voice prize-anthem:—



The counterpoint to the answer (Mr. Ap'M.'s anthem was considerably fugued at the outset) was also identical. Old J. Bach, however—as he afterwards owned, at Leipzig, St. Thomas's, where Mr. Ap'M. extemporised before him (Bach) and sons, upon the theme of a *quodlibet* composed by him (Bach)—had the precaution to transpose the theme from E minor (one sharp) to E flat minor (six flats), wherein he (Bach) showed himself sharper than flat, and whereas he (Ap'M.) smiled serenely—Bach exclaiming, "How like a whale!" (or equivalent). Solon was no goose.

Mr. AP'MUTTON.—Sir—How is it that you, who pretend to keep your readers informed of what is going on in the world, never gave them even a hint as to what Montem Smith, Esq., was preparing for the public? You announced, or suffered it to be announced, in the *Musical World*, that the opera called *Rose, or Love's Ransom* ("Love, or Rose's Ransom") would have been a much better title, was the work of Mr. J. L. Hatton, composer and importer of the music, and Mr. Sutherland Edwards, importer and composer of the words. I ask, as a friend and admirer of Montem Smith, Esq., why the name of Montem Smith, Esq., who contributed two ballads to the work (one on a valley, the other on the miseries of human life) was not mentioned? Be good enough not to evade the question, but to answer it in a direct manner, and in plain language.

HOOKEM BEAK.

Mr. Ap'Mutton did not know that Montem was in labor (*parturie montem*), or he (Ap'M.) would have announced that mice might be expected.

Captain Pill informs Mr. Ap'Mutton that the old original Dick Marlinspick has returned to town for his holidays. He sends him this epistle:—
"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—I am proud to tell thee that I have arrived bear safe, and eh lad, I am rare and tired I can tell thee, for that railway that I cam' wi' they must have had iron sleepers instead of wooden ones under their rails, eh man, I am really shocked to tell thee. I can't call to see thee at thy own house, but I tell thee ware to meet me. Does thou remember when we went to that picture-show and singin-place the last time when I ware hear, what's the name on it—thou knows; it was it ware they sang that glee of Harry Bishop's, "Sleep, gentle lady," ware we got those mutton chops and large potatoes what's its name, oh, I have it, Evans's Hotel, or thou callist him Purdy Green, or something like that, it's ware that chap plays a tune on his stick, eh I did like it gredly. Meet me there at 9 o'clock. I have written to Ap'Shenkins to come if all be weel we'll go to that opera house in the haymarket yonder ware we went afore, they tell me there is a little girl a singing there. I should loik to hear her, they tell me that she is a great wonder, only 16, no more at present from thy friend, RICHARD M." Captain Pill is sure Mr. Ap'M. will be glad of this communication.

If Captain Pill be any relation to Mr. Ap'M.'s friend, Pitt P. Pill, of the I O U Club (limited to non-liquidators), of which he (Ap'M.) is commissioned chairman, in that case Mr. Ap'M. is like a dog at his father's wake—neither sorry nor glad. If Captain Pill disclaims the relationship, in that case Mr. Ap'M. is like a flamingo on Shrove-Tuesday—neither glad nor sorry. In either case Mr. Ap'M. would be no less sorry to be glad than glad to be sorry. Nevertheless, Mr. Marlinspick might learn to spell, his

orthography being irregular. The art of immingling by immunitio is effete.

Sir.—In obedience to your command, I have made Mr. Sullivan the subject of a rhyme—a rumour having reached me to the effect that Mr. Sullivan had publicly declared his name unrhymeable, and that he had defied your contributors to do their worst. I, accordingly, as one of your contributors, have done my worst:—

There was a young master, named Sullivan;
And there'll be a remarkable null, if an
Opera's ever
Brought out by so clever
A master as young master Sullivan.

Another:—

There was a composer called Sullivan;
And if you ever would dull live, an
Air every night
Such as he can indite,
Will make you as dull as young Sullivan.

I have in the same breath attempted the following uncomplimentary stanza on a distinguished critic:—

There was an old critie called Thorley,
Who reminds one of Ford's selling Chorley:
Chorley's food is for cattle—
And Thorley's weak pratice
Is suited to those who read Chorley.

Well—what say you, Ap'M.?

Yours, ANTONY NOSE, (Mus. Doc.)

Mr. Ap'M. is not at present in a humor for verse-making, and would be at a twist to point a rhyme. Nevertheless, he thinks the rhymes of Dr. Nose the very worst rhymes of their rhythmus he (Ap'M.) ever perused.

To OWAIN AP'MUTTON, Esq.

Sir.—Will you be good enough to answer the following few questions—viz.—*Where did King John die?*—What was the immediate cause of King John's death?—And where was King John buried? As King John was an excellent composer (the *Magna Charta*, King John's best published work, proves that—for did it not compose the turbulent Barons?), I should like to become better acquainted with King John's history.

Bye-the-bye, a friend of mine rejoicing in the name of "Roberto il Keavillo" (a *nom de plume*, I presume), sent me the following, and as I cannot at present make it out (my head being rather thick), I send it to your enlightened self. Here's the note—or conundrum:—

Why should musical composers who write ballads, or other melodies for Signor Giuglini, always write their pieces in the key of E?—Because he's a jewel in E.

Do you see it? If so tell me. Wishing you and all the members of the I O U Club (limited to non-liquidators) a merry Christmas and a happy New Year (when they arrive).

I remain yours, Mephistophilistically, A. J. P.

Belgravia, November 23rd, 1864.

The rumor that King John was poisoned by Mr. Ap'Mutton is about as trustworthy as that which credited his (Ap'M.'s) old friend, Salieri, with poisoning his (Ap'M.'s) other old friend, Wolfgang Amade Mozart. Moreover, inasmuch as he (Ap'M.) actually drew up the first sheet, inspecting and revising the last, of *Magna Charta*, it was very unlikely he should, later, thus expose himself to a charge of aggravated Kingslaughter. The conundrum about Giuglini is by far the most despicable it was ever Mr. Ap'M.'s fortune to solve.

A WAGER.

Dean Hand has made a wager with Professor Nine, which, owing to Subreader Quin's temporary absence, can only be decided by Lord Flower or Major Wetherbury, who both decline to interfere. Dean Hand has, therefore, no resource but in *Muttoniana*.

The Holme—New Bush—Dec. 23.

How can Mr. Ap'Mutton decide a wager, the subject of which is not mentioned? Moreover, he (Ap'M.) repeats, that without preciput he decides no wager. No preciput, no adjudgement. Although still a thought splenish, Mr. Ap'M. wishes a happy Christmas and a merry New Year to all. Solon was no goose.

King and Beard—Blackchapel—Dec. 23.

OWAIN AP'MUTTON.

To DISHLEY PETERS, Esq.

4th Sunday in Advent.

DEAR SIR.—This is Christmas time—at least it is not, but it will be when most of your readers (I have no idea as to their number) will peruse this—and we ought to forgive our friends and

our enemies. I forgive you, Sir, that is to say, until after Christmas. To adapt the speech of Priam to Achilles, as rendered by Pope, not by Lord Derby, K.G.—

"Nine days to eat plum-puddings I request,
The tenth shall bring the doctor (who's a beast)
The next to antibilous pills be given,
The twelfth we war, if war be doomed, by Heaven!"

Observe, those last two words are not an oath, though you might (and probably will) make them one by putting a comma after the antepenultimate word; but if you do, fine yourself five shillings, and send me the money in stamps.*

"Forgive you, and for what?" says you. Well, I will tell you what chiefly induces me to forgive you, and then you will feel an inkling, and a twinkling, and a periwinkling of your sins. I have read with immeasurable laughter the imitable article in the 51st number of the 42nd volume of the *Musical World*. I say "the" article, for there is only one worth calling a noun. I allude to the Rabelaisian dialogue in the Edinburgh Castle. I rejoice in that paper. I have read it nineteen times to the astonishment of my household (I read aloud), and I shall read it aloud several times more before I go to bed. It is an article tending to reconcile me to my life and other misfortunes. In so far as you have had any influence with the Editor, in inducing him to procure that article, you have done the part of a good man, if you are a man and not a grog-generated myth. Therefore I forgive you for all the rubbish you and he have been printing about music and bosh of all kind. What, in the name of the late Mr. Satan, recently executed by the living Lord Westbury, do I care for your musical rot and twaddle. Why do you reproduce the silly letters of idiotic composers, about operas produced fifty and a hundred years ago? What do I care whether Mozart was nervous, or that deaf man—I forget his name, but he wrote that infernally dull thing that even Sophie Cruvelli, (who could sing and act too) could hardly make tolerable, the thing where the old crab come crawling out of prison and howl, and the woman is going to shoot the governor—was cranky and suspicious? And what do you make leading articles about sub-dominant thirds, and hauicular or clavicular, or whatever you call it. Why don't you give us smart leaders, of a personal kind, pitching into people of the present day, and shewing up their humbuggery? To the devil with your sub-dominant thirds and hauicular, and give us something spicy. Leave all the cackle to professors and teachers and such, and come out like a slashing journalist. Criticisms on music that is as old as my grandfather is all my eye; hit somebody who can feel. You are like Pope's friend:—

"Yes, strike the Wild. I'll justify the blow."

Pope—"Strike! why the man was hanged ten years ago."

Do you now begin to apprehend me, D. Peters, and to have some faint glimpse of the reason why I have cause to be so angry with you? Well, be a better, that is, a worse D. Peters in future; and specially pray, ask, beg, sue, petition, entreat, implore, impetrare, and supplicate the author of the Edinburgh Castle dialogue to give plenty more.

I have judged it good thus to write unto you, for it is more pleasant to me to praise than to not. I think you mean well, but the residence of the late Satan is paved with good intentions, and you are one of the paving commissioners for that district. Consider what I have said. Life is too short for us to be spooning and butering our fellow creatures; pitch into them, and improve the time. There has been a great deal of bad music put out lately, but I have seen no savage slaughtering thereof. Are you afraid of the fiddlers? No, you are not. Though a mutton in forehead you are a mastiff in heart.† Bite them—bite them on the hinder parts, and put them to a perpetual shame, as the Hebrew psalmist singeth. Any how, bite somebody and be —. No, it is Christmas time—bite somebody and be d—istinguished among biters who bite with such force of biting as is in their bites.‡

* The fine has been imposed, but the stamps have not been forwarded.—D. PETERS.

† Mr. Owl is here apparently confounding the recipient with the illustrious generator of *Muttoniana*.—D. PETERS.

‡ If a biter bites too bitefully he is open to counterbite (bite against bite)—and thus to play the part of biter bitten.—D. PETERS.

I drink unto you, which (for reasons of mine own) I prefer to drinking with you. But I bless you and also the writer of that article. Has he a Christian name, and does it rhyme to bless the bed that I lay on? Whatever it is, bless him.

Your affectionate friend,

ZAMBLES OWL.

The Pickled Rod, Whippingham.

P.S.—You perceive I have moved from the Owlry.—Z.O.

OLDENBURGH.—The Vocal Association has commenced the season with a very creditable performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*.

MUNICH.—The first performance of *Der fliegende Holländer* took place on the 4th inst., under the direction of Herr Richard Wagner himself, who was called for after the second and last acts.

MAYENCE.—A new opera, *Durch Nacht zum Licht*, the words by Herr Peter Lohmann, the music by Herr W. Fraudenberg, was announced for the 23rd inst.

BASLE.—The whole of Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was given for the first time here on the 20th ult.

BIELEFELD.—Herr Ferdinand Hiller's oratorio, *Die Zerstörung Jerusalems*, is shortly to be performed. The soloists will be Madame von Ising, sister of Sophie Cruvelli; Madlle. Schönheim; Madlle. Gindele, from Brunswick; and Herr Pirk, from Hanover.

COLOGNE.—At the fourth Gesellschafts-Concert in the Gürzenich, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, the programme consisted of Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*; Spontini's Overture to *Olympia*; Bargiel's Symphony; Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, for Pianoforte and Orchestra, played by Herr Ernst Lübeck, and his 98th Psalm; and Bruch's "Jubilate, Amen."

LISBON.—Rossini's *Otello* has been produced at the San Carlos with great effect, Signor Mongini sustaining the part of the Moor, and Madame Borghi-Mamo that of Desdemona. The journals speak well of the Iago of Signor Squarcia, who seems in high favour at Lisbon. A new tenor of the name of Stagno is alluded to, in the part of Roderigo, as having a very charming voice. Madame Borghi-Mamo is engaged for next season at a salary of 72,000 francs. Madame Volpini continues her successes in *Semiramide*.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—We understand that Mr. German Reed, induced by the numerous requests of influential patrons, has set aside Tuesday and Thursday mornings, during the holidays, for the representation of his very agreeable *Opera di Camera Entertainment*, which will consist of Mr. Macfarren's *Soldier's Legacy*, and Offenbach's *Too Many Cooks*. Mr. and Mrs. Reed, with Mr. John Parry, will of course appear as usual.

SALISBURY.—(From a Correspondent).—The engagement of Madame Arabella Goddard by Mr. Aylward for his concert on Monday last afforded a rare treat, which will not readily be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to be present on the occasion. The programme was unique in the excellence of its selection, and the performance was in every way worthy of the music; as instance the great trio in D minor of Mendelssohn for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, which was marvellously played by Madame Arabella Goddard, Mr. H. Blagrove, and Mr. W. H. Aylward. Each movement of this splendid composition was listened to with intense interest, and the outburst of applause at its termination was a spontaneous ovation highly creditable to the taste and appreciation of the audience. Madame Arabella Goddard also gave her pianoforte recital, consisting of the prelude and fugue in C sharp of Bach, the *Sonata Appassionata* of Beethoven, Handel's *Suite de Pièces* (encore), the "Harmonious Blacksmith," with variations, and Benedict's "Where the bee sucks;" all of which were played in so delightful and wondrous a manner that the audience were fairly spell-bound under the magical influence of the accomplished pianist, whose fairy fingers exercised the most genuine "spiritualism" we have witnessed. A grand concertante duet by Osborne, from Gounod's *Faust*—a most effective arrangement for two pianofortes—also very finely played by Madame Arabella Goddard and Miss Leila Aylward, was deservedly and warmly applauded. Miss Leila Aylward also gave several songs, including "Batti, batti," with her brother's violoncello *obbligato*, and Ardit's sparkling waltz, "La Stella" (encore), with that refined taste and musician-like feeling which is her characteristic. Mr. H. Blagrove (violin), and Mr. W. H. Aylward (violincello), each gave a solo on his respective instrument—the first Kalliwoda's *Divertissement*, No. 2; the last, an arrangement from Schubert's "Ave Maria," and a *tarantella* by Gotterman. Their playing being so well-known and so highly appreciated in Salisbury, it requires no comment. Enough, that their success was equal to their deserts. Mr. T. E. Aylward was the pianoforte accompanist.

[December 24, 1864.]

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. ST. JAMES'S HALL.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPEL.

THE Seventh Season of the Monday Popular Concerts will commence on the evening of Monday, January 6, 1865.

In once more tendering his grateful acknowledgments of the liberal support which has enabled him to carry on these entertainments with increasing *prestige*, through a period of six successive years, the Director has much pleasure in informing his kind patrons that the last season (1863-4)—in the course of which 24 performances were given—was not less remunerative from a financial point of view than from an artistic point of view it was satisfactory. His efforts to uphold the reputation of the Monday Popular Concerts will continue to be unremitting; and he may state with confidence that the forthcoming series will yield to none of its predecessors in the maintenance of that standard of completeness to which their high position is due.

The first performance of the Seventh Season will be the 157th since the Monday Popular Concerts were instituted (February, 1859). From that time up to the termination of last season (July, 1864), the interest taken in their progress by amateurs, not only in the capital but throughout the country, has constantly increased, which alone can account for the fact of 156 concerts, devoted exclusively to music of the highest order, being held within so unprecedentedly brief an interval.

The almost inexhaustible mine of wealth represented by the works of the great masters renders the task of selection comparatively easy, and, while dispensing with the necessity of anything like experiment, admits of the elements of change being continually had recourse to, for the purpose of varying the attractions and enhancing the intrinsic value of the programmes. Until the establishment of the Monday Popular Concerts, the quintets, quartets, trios, duets, and solo sonatas of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, &c., the suites and fugues of Handel, J. S. Bach, Scarlatti, etc., were only familiar to a small minority of the musical public; and as it was with the professed intention of making the chamber music of these recognised masters, ancient and modern, familiar to the multitude of amateurs in this country, the instrumental department of the programmes will continue to draw its materials almost exclusively from them. No piece need be included more than once in the same series, unless by express desire of a majority of the habitual frequenters.

Attracted at first to the Monday Popular Concerts by mere curiosity, the great massed public became by degrees constant visitors. The prices of admission to the various parts of St. James's Hall were so appointed as to suit all classes, from the wealthiest to those whose means were more readily accommodated by the shilling places, whether in the vast area, the seats in the upper gallery, or the benches behind the performers in the orchestra. The privilege of the large community of music-lovers being held inviolate, their attendance has been constant, and they have proved one of the main supports of the undertaking. On the other hand, the convenience of more exclusive amateurs, who prefer listening to music from reserved stalls of the area and reserved seats in the balconies, has been alike consulted.

The short first season of 1859 (comprising 13 performances in all) brought such receipts as warranted a firm belief in the practicability of establishing the concerts upon a solid and permanent basis. That of 1859-60, during which no less than 27 performances were given, left no further room for doubt as to the result; while the seasons of 1860-61, 1861-62, and 1863-64, justified increased and increasing confidence. In short, the Monday Popular Concerts have taken so firm a hold on public opinion, and are regarded by amateurs of music with such unanimous favour, that the chief care of the Director is now to provide such executive means as may maintain them at the point of efficiency to which the public has been accustomed from the beginning. Towards this end arrangements have already been entered into with performers of the highest eminence, at home and abroad. At the first three concerts Herr Ludwig Strauss is engaged as principal violin. Early in the season Herr Joseph Joachim will appear, the assistance of this renowned violinist having been secured for a series of performances in the spring and summer months. Signor Piatti will resume the post of chief violoncello at the beginning of March, and hold it till the termination of the series. As executants, vocal and instrumental, in every department—in short, artists of recognised proficiency will, as usual, be retained; and the Director, encouraged as he is from all quarters, trusts he may once more be permitted to assert—that “a constant attendance at St. James's Hall, through a series of Monday Popular Concerts, is equivalent to a varied course of lectures on the chamber music of the great masters, with practical illustrations by the most distinguished professors of the day.”

* For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, the Director proposes to issue Subscription Tickets at £5 (transferable), entitling holders to a special Sofa Stall, selected by themselves, for 20 Concerts. Early application to CHAPPEL and Co., 60, New Bond Street, is indispensable.

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NOTICES.

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To CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

DEATH.

On Sunday, December 18, Mrs. DAVIS, widow of the late Mr. DAVIS, Music printer of Berwick Street, Soho Square.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

A GROWL FROM TRANSATLANTICLAND.

BOSTON has hitherto enjoyed the reputation of being, in some sense, a musical metropolis—so far as that is possible in a half-musical New World; but just now we are swamped by a back tide of musical provincialisms. The newspapers call it an extremely musical week; the concert advertising column is a yard long; but the real music-lover looks through the list in vain for anything to tempt his appetite. Nothing but miscellaneous medley concerts, squads of opera singers, English and Italian, travelling parties such as start forth from New York and Boston to “do the provinces,” as they would say in London, and turn a penny in the large inland towns, the western cities, remote outskirts of music-land, and with the same style of programmes. No Philharmonics, no Beethoven symphonies, no Mendelssohn or Handel oratorios, none of the things that inspire! Since the departure of the German opera we have had, for such a city and for such a season, a strange dearth of good music. The great organ to be sure is played almost daily; but great organ *music* forms the least part of its occupation; and the truer the organist, the more does he incline to keep himself in the background rather than lend himself to all this promiscuous exhibition. Promiscuous vocal exhibitions also, rather than concerts in a high sense of the word, concerts of the *ad captandum* character, what may be called business concerts, in contradistinction to artistic, sometimes gather round the great organ, while Beethoven, fixed in bronze, must stand there with no power to intimate that he is bored or scandalized. All this is well enough in its way, if it were not all. There is often good organ-playing and good singing, and some good things are played and sung. But what shall we say of a city like Boston, with its proud musical memories, now living so far into a winter, and having no symphony, no glorious oratorio, no classical chamber concert, nothing but organ and miscellaneous concerts of the most provincial kind! Here is a music hall, perhaps the noblest in the world, haunted for years in every corner by the echoes of the inspirations of Beethoven, and Mozart, and Handel, and now furnished, furthermore, with the grandest of organs to give utterance also to Bach. Shall it, as the consequence of this splendid acquisition, become only Organ Hall! We blame no one; we know not where the fault lies. Perchance it is in the public. Perhaps Boston has not the eager audience it once had for great music. And yet the *Fidelio* experience of the past month means something! Yet we are sure that Boston people always want to see and hear the best in literature or art, and that the number of persons of cultivated taste for every art is greater in proportion here than in most other cities. Perhaps the musicians, the directors, are too timid, do not trust the public enough. Perhaps the materials of an orchestra, on a fit scale, do not exist among us. The unpleasant fact is, we are destitute. We hear nothing more of Mr. Zerrahn's fine and confident purpose of Philharmonic Concerts, except in the dim future. The Mendelssohn Quintet Club seem to have vacated the field of chamber concerts, and no new combination rushes in to occupy. The Handel and Haydn Society, to be sure, announce an oratorio for to-morrow evening; but not one of their great ones (of which they have plenty). There is just one oasis in the desert,—and that is *not* advertised! Mr. Dresel's

pianoforte concerts begin this evening at Chickering's, and these, to the favored few who can find place there, open fresh springs of unalloyed, unwearying delight.

And this is Boston! This is the town which knows the nine symphonies, and knows *Fidelio*! This is the middle of the fresh forenoon, or should be, of the long musical day or season. And this is—what a moment in the life of all this people! what a time for music! what a need of its sublimest word, its choral symphonies, its hymns of praise, its Handelian choruses: ("For He hath triumphed gloriously"), for harmonies of kindred inspiration with that which now exalts and gladdens the heart of a great free nation, which feels that it has shaken a horrid nightmare from its breast, and now breathes freely again after a peaceful victory in the sublime discharge of a great duty on a day for ever to be counted among the greatest in all human history! Why, at the end of that day the whole popular heart burst forth into song: Faneuil Hall could not contain the multitudes, but the spontaneous music from within went forth and in a magnetic, sympathetic sense brought all in; the old building rang and shook with the old homely, unartistic strains, and we pity any soul that cared at that time for any better music than "Old Hundred" and "John Brown's Soul is marching on," with "Glory Hallelujah!" For everybody seemed to find a voice, a ringing, musical, and clear one; it takes a deep, pervading inspiration to make such mass-singing truly *musical*—it was so then. And now, in this great mood of the people, what do we expect of art? In what tones shall Music Hall respond to Faneuil Hall? In aimless, disconnected scraps of worn-out Italian and English operas? In sentimental ballads and pretty "effects," and things sung just to gratify a curiosity about the singer? In brass-band concerts, Heaven save the mark! We are in no mood to listen to any but the real earnest speakers, those who have great thoughts to utter; we are impatient of all babblers and triflers. And is it not the same with music? Who but the Beethovens, the Handels, the Mendelssohns, are fit to speak to such a people now? Their loftiest utterances can by no possibility overshoot us; all but the greatest, or at least the truest, must sound empty, puerile, and puny. We have no objection to "business" concerts, "popular concerts," light and miscellaneous concerts, dazzling virtuosos, brass bands, nor even hand-organs; these all have their "mission" in the world; if any fanatical movement should arise to put a stop to them, as lately to the London organ-grinders, we should be found defending them. We only grumble at the indifference, or whatever it is, of such a musical community in not pre-occupying our fine halls. Art's consecrated places, with enterprises of high art; in not making permanent and sure provision for symphony and other classical productions. But on the score of "business," of mere material economy—the most successful and most thrilling concert, long to be remembered, that ever took place in the Music Hall, was a purely classical one, and in a similar period—that glorious Emancipation Jubilee on the first of January, 1863. Have we not at least equal motive now, and can we not afford as much? Let the musicians make their appeal to the great spirit of the hour, and try if there be no response. Why has *Fidelio* pleased more than any opera? The appeal need not be directly, literally, ostensibly to any political or humanitarian motives; let it reside simply in the high character of the music offered, and see if like does not draw forth like—see if there is not audience for the greatest as well as for the prettiest—see if there are not thousands of souls tired of *Vanity Fair* and seeking sympathy and rest in Beethoven. (Not Beethoven *imitated* on the organ, but face to face in person, with his orchestra).

There! we have had our grumble. It only remains to say that some fine singers and players—some of them new to us—have figured in the kaleidoscopic medley of the week, with more to come,

and to spread out the variegated list, which our amiable *Transcript* thinks "cannot fail to please the tastes of *all* classes of the musical public;" but there are some of us who "cannot see it," some unfortunates who, with all these doors standing open, still feel "left out in the cold," and who in all this abundance are put to it to single out a musical Thanksgiving turkey with much taste to it. (But let those give thanks who can hear Dresel!)

Boston, Nov. 26.

J. S. DWIGHT.

IN the last number of Dwight's *Boston Journal of Music* (Nov. 26), we read the following:—

"OUR DIARIST" (A. W. T.) We are happy to be able to state that our old friend, Mr. Alexander W. Thayer, now in Vienna, has been appointed United States Consul at Trieste, an announcement which will give joy to a great many of our readers. His long rugged pathway being thus smoothed for him, we may now hope that he will have the time and means and health to finish the darling labor of his life, his *Life of Beethoven*, and give it to the world. Mr. Thayer's interesting story of the life of Salieri,* which has grown even beautiful toward the end, is concluded in to-day's paper. It shows Salieri to have been much more of a man than the musical world of to-day supposed, and is a most valuable chapter in the history of music, hitherto unwritten.

The friends, by no means few in number, whom Mr. Thayer made during his residence in England, will be as pleased to hear of his new appointment as his compatriots themselves. We also are looking forward with the utmost interest for the long-promised work, which is to tell us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, of Beethoven the man. Beethoven the musician, we have reason to believe Mr. Thayer has never had the intention of critically examining. He professes to leave that for others—or perhaps for one other, and that one other no other than Otto Jahn.

THE notion that musical taste in Italy is at the lowest ebb, and that people no longer worship any composer but Verdi, is altogether an erroneous one. It may, on the contrary, be asserted that classical music, including that music of the new German romantic school, was never before cultivated with such ardour, and in so comprehensive a manner. Milan and Florence (the new capital) are especially distinguishing themselves, and the programmes of their serious concerts contain hardly any other names than those of the great German masters, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and those of their worthy Epigoni, Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schubert. Even Robert Schumann is becoming naturalized in Italy, his compositions having already been performed with great success at concerts of chamber-music. This was the case at a Quartet Soirée in Milan, when the Quartet, Op. 47, commenced the evening. Bazzini, who is at the head of this Quartet Society, took the violin, and Luca Fumigalli, the pianoforte part. The Quartet was received with genuine enthusiasm, especially the Scherzo. It was followed by Mozart's Quintet in D minor; Three Pieces in Form of a Sonata, Op. 44, by Bazzini; Chopin's Notturno, Op. 15; Scherzo, Op. 16, by Mendelssohn; and, to conclude, Op. 59, No. 3, by Beethoven. At the last Soirée but one of the Società del Quartetto, at Florence, the pieces selected for performance were Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 47; Mozart's Quintet with clarinet; Spohr's Double Quartet, Op. 87; and the first movement of Mendelssohn's Octet. The first violin was taken in turns by Papini and Sasso. At the following concert, on the 8th inst., only works by Mendelssohn, Hummel, and Giorgetti were performed. At the concert of the Royal Musical Institute of Florence only two works were played, but they were works of the first class: Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht." This, by the way, was the first time the latter work had ever been

* Of which so many pages have been reproduced in *The Musical World*.

performed in Italy. The band and chorus rivalled the soloists in excellence. The above programmes, to which many more might be added, are sufficient to show the progress the taste for classical music is making in Italy.—*German Paper.*

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Two concerts were given by the students at the institution, Tenterden Street, during the past week—one on Wednesday evening, with Mr. A. Mackenzie (K.S.) as conductor; the other on Saturday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. Lucas. Two pieces were supplied by the students—part song, "Illyrian Peasant's Song," by Miss Agnes Zimmerman (K.S.); and song, "The Sorrow of Parting," by Mr. W. Wells. Mozart's fantasia for two pianofortes in F minor was played by Misses E. Buer and Rose Ellis, and Beethoven's sonata in D, for piano and violin, by Messrs. H. R. Eyers and Ralph.

The programme of the concert on Saturday comprised five compositions by the students—viz., quartet for stringed instruments, by Miss M. Hall; song, "Ieh denke dein," by Miss A. Kinkel; duet, "Twilight," by Mr. R. Prentice; part-song, "The south wind is a minstrel;" and fragment from a manuscript opera, *Lallah Rookh*, by Mr. A. Mackenzie. These pieces, without indicating any exceptional talent, are to be commended as showing no ordinary acquirements in the pupils. The first act of *Figaro* was creditably sung by Misses E. Macdonald, Kellener, Hall, and E. Buer; Messrs. Hamilton, R. Prentice, W. Wells, Amor, and Ralph. The instrumental performances were Professor Bennett's Sestet, Op. 8 (first movement for piano, two violins, tenor, violoncello, and double-bass; and Hummel's Quintet, Op. 87 (scherzo and rondo), for piano, violin, viola, violoncello, and double-bass.

—
PARIS.

From our own Correspondent.

The musical event of the week past has been the *reprise* at the Théâtre-Lyrique of M. Gounod's *Mireille*, which has come fresh from the hands of poet and musician in a curtailed and modified form. Nearly every body pronounces the opera greatly improved in its new state. I am of that opinion. Of course there are some grumbler, who, notwithstanding the immense success of the revival, affirm that *Mireille* can never be an enduring success on any stage; but these oppositionists, I observe, belong to one of two classes—either to those who, as Dr. Johnson says, "hope for eminence through the heresies of paradox," or those who are really not able to distinguish between what is good and what is not good in dramatic music. *A priori* the abbreviation of the drama of *Mireille* must have been for the best. Some of the scenes which interested in the poetical description—such as the tableau of the "Val d'Enfer," the scene of the spectres, the supposed murder of Vincent, the strange death of the brutal Ourrias, and the voyage of Mireille across the desert of Crau—were so many hindrances and clogs to a clear understanding of the plot. All these have been wisely excised, and the interest is now concentrated on the hero and heroine, while the story is made to end happily with the marriage of Mireille, instead of miserably and uselessly with her death. Moreover, attention is not now distracted from the onward progress of the action by irrelative episodes or thwarting incidents. In short (no pun), the abbreviation of the libretto, involving the abbreviation of the music, unless I am greatly out in my reckoning, will tend materially to the future success of M. Gounod's work, more especially as the composer has been careful not to eliminate any of the popular pieces from the score, but rather to add two new pieces which cannot fail to be accounted among the most striking beauties of the opera. *Mireille* is now reduced to three acts, and the third, formerly the fourth, is made much more simple and perspicuous by abridgement. The new *morceau* interpolated are a *valse di bravura* for Mireille, introduced in the first act, a very brilliant piece of "vocalism"—if you will allow me to use the term—and certain to create an immense effect from the lips of a Patti or a Titiens—as indeed I must acknowledge it does in the singing of Madame Miolan-Carvalho, who, I need hardly state, sustains the character of Mireille now as she did on the first production of the opera—and a

duo for Mireille and Vincent, which is not merely admirable in itself, but will render the tenor part more important—a great matter when the character is entrusted to such an artist as Signor Giuglini, *par exemple*. *Valse* and *duo* were both enthusiastically *bissed* the first night, and I have no doubt the former will serve the publisher's turn as well as any number in the opera. I attended the first representation of the new *Mireille*, and can certify to its remarkable success. The performance was a series of triumphs from first to last. As for Madame Carvalho, had she been Pasta, Malibran, Sontag, Grisi, Titiens and Patti amalgamated into one, she could not have created a greater furor. No wonder indeed if her head were turned with the applauses of the public and the eulogies of the press. Madame Carvalho in *Mireille* is simply Madame Carvalho in Marguerite and in everything else—neither better nor worse. M. Gounod knows every note and the peculiarity of every note in her voice, and knows, too, the kind of passages the singer can execute with the greatest fluency and the least strain on her powers, and naturally her singing of his music is extremely effective—but—well, never mind! The Parisians must have their idol. If not Madame Carvalho, Mdlle. Marie Battu; if not Mdlle. Marie Battu, Mdlle. Marie Sax, or some one of lesser renown. The niche in the temple is never permitted to remain vacant. Madame Faure-Lefebvre, who in the first *Mireille* used to sustain the two parts of the Bohemian, Taven, and the shepherd-boy, now resigns the former to Madame Ugalde, who exhibits her newly-discovered contralto voice in the piquant and original *chanson* of the second act, to the intense delight of her friends and admirers, who were determined the first night not to allow Madame Carvalho to carry off all the feminine honors of the evening, and encored the air with rapturous demonstrations. I do not think that any of the artists left the theatre that night incommoded by chagrin or disappointment. M. Michot (Vincent), M. Ismael (Ourrias), MM. Guyot, Petit and Warzel and Mdlle. Albrecht in the minor parts, were all feted like demigods of song—at least like artists of the first rank. At the fall of the curtain the excitement was indescribable. All the artists had to appear, and, finally, M. Gounod, who braved the tempest like an experienced stage mariner. I have no doubt that the audiences of Her Majesty's Theatre will accept with delight and thankfulness the new version of *Mireille*!

Signor Brignoli made his second *début* at the Italiens as Ernesto in *Don Pasquale*, thereby challenging direct comparison with Mario, who made his first great impression on the Parisian public more than twenty years ago by his inimitable singing of the music of Norina's lover, more particularly in the serenade, "Com e gentil," and in the duet with Grisi, "Tornami a dir." *Don Pasquale* was written especially for Grisi, Mario, Tamburini and Lablache, as every amateur knows, or should know. Signor Brignoli is not exactly Mario twenty years ago, in respect of voice, singing, or expression; but he is charming, nevertheless, and will create a sensation in London. The serenade was encored with acclamations and the singer recalled three times—a genuine success and not to be gainsaid even by the ridiculous puffs on the tenor in some of the musical journals. But, indeed, where M. Gueymard and Signor Naudin are rated as artists of the first rank Signor Brignoli could not be passed over without extravagant eulogy. I feel already a real interest in Signor Brignoli. His voice and style please me, and, even though there is a want of warmth in his manner, he gratifies the eye by his natural and easy deportment. I shall be glad to hear him in one of Rossini's operas, for I learn his fluency is remarkable. Mdlle. Adelina Patti's Norina, as regards the acting, is piquant and charming from first to last, while her singing is not to be surpassed for brilliancy and finesse. All the journalists without exception proclaim her performance "adorable." Signor Scalese made a tolerable substitute for Lablache, and Signor Delle-Sedie an intolerable one for Tamburini. It must be remembered that Signor Delle-Sedie has no pretensions to be a comedian—*vide* his Figaro in the *Barbiere*. I have told you that *Linda di Chamouni* is to be brought out especially for Mdlle. Patti, who, I fancy, will transpire all former representatives of the part—Henrietta Sontag, Anaide Castellan, and Sophie Cruvelly, notwithstanding. Madame de Meric Lablache, Signors Brignoli, Delle-Sedie, Scalese and Antonucci will sustain the other characters. *I Puritani* is also announced with Mdlle. Patti as Elvira and a new barytone, Verger by name,

for Riccardo. The new barytone, I hear, is young, has a fine voice, and is a good singer—all of which, and much more, are needed in a character endeared to the audiences of the Salle Ventadour by the masterly performance of Tamburini. Mercadante's *Leonora* is in rehearsal, and *Poliuto* is spoken of with Madame Charton-Demeur in place of Mdlle. Carlotta Marchisio in the character of Palina. Some say that Signor Brignoli, not Signor Fraschini, will play Poliuto. I know not that—but for the moment the new tenor seems to have extinguished the old one.

Leopold de Meyer, the lion-pianist, paid a visit to Rossini the other evening, and played some of his new compositions. Rossini expressed himself puzzled to know with which he was most astonished—his works or his performance. Leopold de Meyer was puzzled to know whether Rossini was joking or in earnest.

The programme of the Second Supplementary Concert, given on Sunday last by the Society of Concerts of the Conservatoire, included the following pieces:—

Symphony, in G (No. 29)—Haydn; Psalm with double chorus (without accompaniment), "Judge me, O Lord"—Mendelssohn; Concerto for Pianoforte, in B flat—Beethoven; Chorus, "Ave verum"—Mozart; Symphony, in C minor—Beethoven.

M. Theodore Ritter executed the pianoforte concerto, and M. George Hainl conducted.

The second series of the Popular Concerts of Classical Music was inaugurated on Sunday with the following selection:—

Symphony in B flat, No. 46—Haydn; Overture *Lorelei* (second time)—Wallace; Andante—Mozart; Music to "Egmont"—Beethoven.

The orchestra was conducted as before by M. Pasdeloup.
Paris, December 21. MONTAGUE SHOOT.

PARIS.—(From another Correspondent.)—Mr. Mapleson has recently visited Paris for the purpose of engaging artists for a concert tour in England, and for the forthcoming season of Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. He has concluded engagements with Mdlle. Dorsani and Signor Jaulain. Mdlle. Dorsani is said to possess a contralto voice of extraordinary power. Her singing of the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia* and the *cantique* in *Stradella* is especially extolled by her admirers. Mr. Mapleson appears to entertain a particular affection for contralto voices. Previous to the acquisition of Mdlle. Dorsani, there were no less than three contraltos already in his *troupe*—Mdlle. Trebelli, Mdlle. Bettleheim and Mdlle. Gross; but there is every reason to believe that Mdlle. Dorsani will maintain an honorable position even in the midst of so brilliant a galaxy. But still more important than the engagement of Mdlle. Dorsani is likely to be that of Signor Jaulain, whose fresh and sympathetic tenor voice and really artistic style of singing have earned for him golden opinions. It may indeed be safely predicted that Signor Jaulain will firmly establish himself as a permanent favorite with the patrons of Italian Opera in London. He was attached to the Grand Theatre at Bordeaux during the whole of last season and was greatly esteemed by the public; but, in consequence of a misunderstanding with the Director, it is not his intention to renew his engagement. His absence will be much regretted. Amateurs in London will soon have an opportunity of judging for themselves, as it is stated that Signor Jaulain has to join Mr. Mapleson's company in January next.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The competition for the King's Scholarships took place at the institution on Monday, 19th inst.; and for that of the Westmoreland Scholarship and Potter Exhibition on Wednesday, 21st inst. The following professors composed the board of examiners:—For the King's Scholarships: Messrs. Charles Lucas (chairman), W. Dorrell, H. C. Lunn, Mons. Sainton, and Signor Guglielmo. For the Westmoreland Scholarship and Potter Exhibition: Messrs. Charles Lucas (chairman), W. Dorrell, F. R. Cox, Cusina, and Signor Schira. The candidates elected were:—For the King's Scholarships: Miss Margaret Watts and Mr. Francis Ralph. For the Westmoreland Scholarship: Miss A. Smyth; and for the Potter Exhibition, Miss A. Kinkel. The following candidates were highly commended:—For the King's Scholarships: Misses Ida Henry, M. Buela, M. Bauermeister, C. E. Kingdon, F. M. Kingdon and G. A. Davis. For the Westmoreland Scholarship: Miss E. Pitt and Miss Kellner; and for the Potter Exhibition: Miss E. Pitt and Miss A. Williams.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first Christmas performance of the *Messiah* was given on Friday (yesterday week). We are not called upon to criticise so familiar a performance. Enough to say that the choir were on their mettle, and that they achieved a grand success. The particular feature of the evening was that there was no encore—even the chorus, "For unto us a child is born," being suffered to pass without a redemand—a fact which, we trust, is to be attributed to a proper sense of decorum at the holiest season of the year, and not to misappreciation of the music, or to a sense of weariness at having heard it so often. The principal solo-singers were Madame Parepa, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Weiss.

The second Christmas performance of the *Messiah* was to be given last night with the same soloists.

NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

The Christmas performance of the *Messiah* by the above society, given on Thursday evening, attracted a large audience to Exeter Hall. The execution was creditable to all concerned. The choir distinguished themselves, particularly in the choruses, "For unto us a child is born," (unanimously encored), "Glory to God," "Behold the Lamb of God," and the "Hallelujah." The principal singers were Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbey Cooper, and Mr. Winn. Miss Louisa Pyne delighted her hearers beyond measure in "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Rejoice greatly," and "Come unto him," all being vociferously applauded, and the first-named redemanded, but only acknowledged by a bow. It was Clara Novello come back again. Miss Palmer was most effective in the latter, "O thou that tellest," and "He shall feed his flock," the latter being received with loud and continued applause. The tenor and bass, too, sang their parts admirably; Mr. Wilbey Cooper pleasing greatly in the air, "But thou didst not leave," and Mr. Winn in "Why do the nations." Mr. G. W. Martin conducted throughout with his accustomed zeal and energy.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

The English version of *Martha*, which had already been given earlier in the season, was on Monday night reproduced for the *début* of a new singer in the part of Nancy. Mdlle. Adelaide Cornelis, a Belgian, if we are rightly informed, was educated in the Conservatoire at Brussels. Being extremely young, her voice, a *contralto*, can hardly yet be regarded as developed. Absence of power, however, is at present its most marked failing, inasmuch as in quality it is agreeable, while in flexibility it is by no means deficient. A lively actress, if not by any means a practised singer, Mdlle. Cornelis was quite equal to the delineation of M. Flotow's sprightly *confidante*, and the applause bestowed upon the air of the third act, and again upon the comic duet with Plumkett (Mr. H. Corri), in the fourth, was a sufficient proof that the audience were pleased with her exertions. Indeed, the youthful aspirant was honoured throughout with more than ordinary tokens of encouragement.

The other characters were played as before. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington (*Martha*) roused the house to enthusiasm in "The Last Rose of Summer"—which, as well as the slow air in Act III, she was compelled to repeat; the same compliment was paid to Mr Haigh (Lionel), in the popular romance, known in Italian as "M'appari tutt' amor," and to Mr. H. Corri, for his spirited delivery of the famous apostrophe to beer.

After *Martha* the third act of *Masaniello* was performed—*Masaniello* Mr. W. Coates. The great features were the *tarantella*, danced with extraordinary animation by Mdlles. Bonfanti and Duchateau, accompanied by the Messrs. Payne and the *corps de ballet*, and encored with acclamations, and the prayer, which has rarely been better sung.

On Tuesday, *The Bride of Song*, and *Love's Ransom*, (cleverly curtailed). Wednesday, *Martha* and *Masaniello*, (Act III.) Thursday and Friday, pantomime rehearsals.

HERR ANDER.—From a private letter, we learn that this once popular tenor expired, a few days since, in Vienna.

W. VINCENT WALLACE.—At the First Concert of the Second Series of the Popular Concerts of Classical Music, given last Sunday in the Champs Elysées, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup, the overture to Mr. Wallace's opera of *Lurlei* was performed, for the second time, with even more brilliant success than on the first occasion on the Sunday previous.

FISH AT CHICHESTER.

Chichester is but half an hour by rail. Mr. Fish means, of course, by rail from Brighton. Although he had heard every piece at Greenwich already, he could not resist the inducement of a "Recital" by the pianist of his predilection—the bright-eyed, supple-wristed Arabella—and knowing, too, that thirty minutes' locomotion would bring him within the radius of her spell. So he took the train; and, at three o'clock p.m., an hour after starting, found himself comfortably seated in a front stall at the Chichester Assembly Room. Soon appeared the "Lady of the Keys" (as music-loving, soft-nibbed, milky-hearted Mr. Punch so prettily christened his youthful and favored *protégée*), who, after a hearty greeting, seated herself at the instrument. Then peeped out from under her tiny fingers (like the mouse, to which Sir John Suckling compares his mistress's feet), the little *andante*, ushering in so unobtrusively those variations which dry Joe Woelfl, in a happy moment, made upon Mozart's (?) "Life let us cherish." And Mr. Fish listened with the same interest to the whole—especially to his pet variation in the minor, with its *Æolian*-harp-like sweep of undulating arpeggios (sorrowing only that the first *allegro* of the sonata should, this time, be omitted). Then, with a brief interval, came J. S. Bach's delicious, pearly, tuneful and transparent Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major—No. 3, Book I. (which the profound old Cantor must have laid aside his wig while writing)—deliciously, pearly, tunefully, and diaphonously played, from the first bar of the Prelude to the last bar of the Fugue. Among the imperishable "Eight and Forty," this "No. 3, Book I," is one of Mr. Fish's very pets (though Mrs. Fish invariably makes a hash of it—much to the chagrin of her doting and indulgent spouse). To John Sebastian succeeded George Frederick (or "Georg Friedrich"—or "Frideric")—Handel to Bach. The vocabulary of Mr. Fish can scarce find words to express his satisfaction at hearing the opening movements of this melodious *suite*. They flow as water, and as water seem to ripple, stream-like, from the glistening touch of Arabella, who never uttered them with more gentle spontaneity. As for the "Harmonious Blacksmith" and its variations (the last of which, if Mr. Fish's memory be not treacherous, Mr. Hatton has endeavoured to rack into a florid *coda*, for the *scena* of his heroine, Rose)—of these Mr. Fish positively declines to say more than that they were asked for and given again, with the like good will. Of the sonata by the grand "Tone-poet"—"le sourd sublime" (as Jules Janin christened him in 1845, at Bonn)—of the *Sonata Apassionata*, and its performance, Mr. Fish would say something if he could; but his pen utterly fails him. What he thought he cannot express in words. Enough that his feeling throughout was one of thorough contentment. His ear and his soul drank deep at the poetic fountain, as it gushed from the hand of the inspired priestess—never more inspired than when worshipping at the shrine of the deified Beethoven. To contrast with this gorgeously gloomy and magnificent piece, nothing could have come more gratefully than Mr. Lindsay Sloper's ingenious and beautiful *fantasia* on airs from *Mireille*, which Arabella seems resolved shall become popular far and wide. To conclude, in place of Thalberg's "Home, sweet home" (already made known, through her, to every nook and corner of the musically-civilised globe), Mr. Fish would have preferred Vincent Wallace's charming *Prelude* and *Scherzo*, which, the day following (as Mr. Fish has recounted), produced so marked an impression on the fashionable assembly at the Brighton Pavilion. The amateurs of Chichester, however, quite satisfied, encored the Thalberg fantasy with eagerness. They must hear the *Prelude* and *Scherzo* of the tuneful composer of *Lurline* at Arabella Goddard's next "Recital" in the capital of Sussex—an event which cannot be far distant.

There was no singing. The fair pianist did all the work herself, and succeeded in enchanting her hearers. At the end of the Recital Mr. Fish again betook himself to the train, and arrived at his hotel in time for an excellent dinner, which his friend, Jeremiah Board, the cheerful head-waiter, always on the watch to make him comfortable, had provided, hot and ready—with a bottle of best "Mum" to drink to the "Lady of the Keys."

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MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

Mr. Hallé's fifth concert was given on the 24th ultimo. The following selection was provided:—

Overture, *The Alchymist* (first time)—Spohr; Air, "So'l ver mi dies il cor" (*Fidelio*)—Beethoven; Concertstück, Pianoforte, in F, Op. 79—Weber; Air, "Ah, fors' è lui" (*Traviata*)—Verdi; Grand Symphony, in A major, Op. 92—Beethoven; Overture, *Mirella*—Gounod; Air, "Saper vorreste" (*Ballo in Maschera*)—Verdi; "Musette" from *Mirella*—Gounod; Solo Pianoforte, Andante in D flat, Op. 32, and Study in A minor, Op. 36—Thalberg; Spanish Song, "Yuanita"—Yradier; Overture, "L'Italiana in Algeri"—Rossini.

The leading feature of the concert was of course the great symphony in A major. To speak of it as a majestic and masterly composition is trite, but no one can listen attentively to such a work without feeling that Beethoven more than any other composer comprehended the relation between the varied emotions and experience of human life and the capability which music—the universal language—has of expressing it. The impression of continuity and unity is not so vivid in this symphony as in the one in D, heard here a few weeks ago, and the sentiment and suggestions of the first movement are now and then perplexed and not immediately to be perceived; but the refined beauty of the well-known *allegretto* can scarcely be surpassed. Who, indeed, but Beethoven could work up so simple a theme into so grand a movement? and if this so eloquently pourtrays the depth of true feeling, surely never was his power of diversifying more marvellously and appositely manifested than in the following movement, where the grave and gay are so wonderfully contrasted. We can scarcely fail to render homage to the composer by the utterance of the commonplace expression "such is life." Next in importance to the symphony was the *Concertstück* of Weber. You know how admirably Mr. Charles Hallé plays this great work, and how by turns he represents the dreamy, impassioned, and jubilant thoughts of the composer; and so thoroughly enters into the spirit of the composition, that for a time his hearers are unmindful even of his wonderous mechanical skill. There are few works in the performance of which Mr. Hallé seems to take such delight as this, and to help his hearers to a keener appreciation of its beauties. Spohr's overture is full of those melodious phrases and refined harmonies which characterize the composer's best manner. The overture to *Mirella* was heard again with pleasure; and the ever-welcome and charming *Italiana* checked even the disturbing footsteps of the hasty and selfish part of the audience, who evidently consider the last overture as a mere voluntary to play out the visitors. In the second part of the concert Mr. Hallé's selections from Thalberg drew down enthusiastic plaudits, and, as at the conclusion of the *Concertstück*, he was compelled to reappear. M. Lavigne sang the Shepherd's Song from *Mirella* exquisitely on the oboe, and could not resist the demand for its repetition. Our Scotch friends will enjoy the admission that it is possible to realise great beauty in what is most unquestionably suggestive of the strains of the bag-pipes. Mdlle. Sinico, from Her Majesty's Theatre, was the vocalist. Her voice is powerful, and she sings with skill and judgment. Marcellina's Song from *Fidelio* was one of the "hits" of the concert. Mdlle. Sinico was encored in "Ah! fors' è lui" from the *Traviata*, as well as the Page's air from the *Ballo in Maschera*, and was much applauded in Yradier's characteristic Spanish song, "Juanita."

The programme of Mr. Hallé's sixth concert:—

Overture, *Athalie*—Mendelssohn; Quartet, "Take heed, watch and pray" (*Manuel*)—Leslie; Sacred Song, "Nazareth" (with chorus of Bass voices)—Gounod; Recit, and Air, "Farewell, ye limpid streams" (*Jephtha*)—Handel; Air, "Ere in-fancy's bud" (*Joseph*)—Mehul; The 42nd Psalm—For Solo, Chorus, and Orchestra—"At the hart parts" —Mendelssohn; Grand "Messe solennelle"—For Solo, Chorus, and Organ, in G (first time)—Gounod.

The performance of M. Gounod's Mass on Thursday last was unquestionably a musical event of great importance. Although heard once before in England, it may be properly regarded as a novelty, the performance in St. Martin's Hall having taken place nearly ten years ago. In the interval the composer has become famous—his great opera, *Faust*, has extended the popularity of his name over the civilized world, and the display of genius and art in that splendid work has induced musicians and amateurs to study the previous compositions of M. Gounod with so much interest and ardour that the peculiarities of his style and general characteristics are now tolerably well-known. It is not surprising that M. Gounod's works did not at once excite the musical public in the way his most enthusiastic admirers expected; nor do the leaders of public taste deserve the reproaches sometimes cast upon them by those who claim to have beheld the light when others were blind. M. Gounod is one of the most intellectual composers of modern times; the peculiar beauty of his style and his originality cannot be at once appreciated. Familiarity with the purpose and manner of the composer is required before there can be anything like full appreciation of his works. This is indeed true, if applied to composers generally; but it obtains in a greater degree with a "musician of intellectual powers." It is true also in literature.

Does any intelligent admirer of Tennyson, for instance, suppose he would have the same kind of appreciation he has now for *Ulysses* or the *Lotus Eaters*, if he met with either of them in the pages of a magazine, and had no previous acquaintance with the style, thought and mind of the poet? The "Messe Solennelle" will *naturally* now meet with a different appreciation as well as with a different reception from what awaited it ten years ago.

Mr. Hallé has evidently felt that the subscribers and public of Manchester would better understand the sacred work of M. Gounod if they were made more familiar with his music. During the present and past season we have had many specimens, and the most careful and thoughtful amateurs were enabled to recognize in his delineations of the grave and the gay, in his church music, the ballet music, the grand opera, and the simple ballad, not merely the variety but the magic touch of the same master hand. The "Messe Solennelle" is thus divided:—

1. *Trio and Chorus (Moderato, quasi Andantino)*, "Kyrie, eleison"; 2. *Soprano Solo and Chorus (Larghetto)*, "Gloria in Excelsis"; *Chorus and Trio (Allegro Pomposo)*, "Laudamus Te"; 3. *Chorus (Andante)*, "Domine Fili"; *Chorus (Allegro Pomposo)*, "Quoniam tu solus sanctus"; 4. *Chorus (Moderato molto maestoso)*, "Credo"; *Trio and Chorus (Adagio)*, "Et Incarnatus"; *Chorus (Moderato molto maestoso)*, "Et resurrexit"; 5. *Soprano, Solo and Chorus (Adagio)*, "Benedictus"; 6. *Solo and Chorus (Andante molto erato)*, "Agnus Dei"; 6. *Chorus (Largo)*, "Prayer of the Church—Poco Animato—Prayer of the Army—Domine salvum"; and *(Largo)*—Prayer of the Nation.

It would be presumptuous to attempt to give more than an impression of so important a work from a first hearing. No one could, however, fail to notice that M. Gounod has struck out a path for himself. He brings no traditional style to the illustrations of the well-known words; he takes their sentiment, and, considering the mass as a solemn service of religion and its most appropriate auditorium a lofty gothic temple, in perfect congruity with this idea and these associations, the invocation, the thanksgiving, the symbol, the prayer, and the glorification are translated into magnificent musical language. The masses best known to us have been written by the greatest masters of melody the world has known. Emotional and still more intellectual, Haydn and Mozart have associated exquisite melodies with nearly every part of the mass. Compared with them M. Gounod appears often severe, but only so where the subject requires dignity and thought—as for example, in the "Credo," and generally where the understanding rather than the sentiment has pre-eminent action. And yet how varied is the nature of this dignified severity; how stately and solemn in the "Credo in unum Deum"; how subdued and mysterious in the "Et incarnatus"; and how majestic and triumphant in the "Et resurrexit." Where melody was appropriate and required there are indeed glorious and lovely strains, as in the "Agnus Dei," the leading subject of which is exquisitely beautiful, and in the chorus and trio "Laudamus Te." It would be pleasant to review in detail the impression produced by all the pieces, from the opening *pianissimo* chorus to the grand version of the "Domine salvum";—to dwell most of all on the splendid "Sanctus," where perhaps the climax of dramatic grandeur and devotional power is reached; to refer to the gorgeous instrumentation always illustrative, never incongruously prominent; and to point out the harmonies sometimes simple, sometimes elaborate, but always refined and graceful, which abound throughout the work. But I fear to intrude, well knowing that your space will only afford room for these general remarks and the record that this first performance was not only keenly appreciated by the leading musicians and amateurs of Manchester, but was also a decided popular success. It is impossible to praise Mr. Hallé too highly for the admirable manner in which it was produced. Never were his excellent band and chorus heard to greater advantage. Conductor and orchestra may mutually congratulate each other. The principal vocalists did not manifest the same familiarity with the music as the chorus, but Miss Banks's unpretending style contributes a charm to all she undertakes. Mr. Cummings was correct, and Mr. Thomas was dignified and stately.

The first part of the concert included Mendelsohn's beautiful "Forty-second Psalm." It was not quite so carefully sung as the mass; the quintet, "The Lord hath commanded" was spoiled by Mr. Cummings—singing, as if he supposed it to be a tenor solo and quintet. The same gentlemen, however, gave Méhul's pretty air very gracefully. Mr. Thomas sang Gounod's "Nazareth," a composition with which Mr. Santley had already made us familiar; Miss Banks well deserved the applause she received in Handel's air; but I hope Mr. Leslie was not present to hear the quintet from *Immanuel*.

—
HOLLOWAY CHORAL SOCIETY.—The first performance of the *Messiah* by the Holloway Choral Society, was given on Thursday evening, 22nd, at the Myddleton Hall, Islington, before a large audience. The principal artists were Mad. Pareppa, Miss Leffler, and Mr. Elliot Galer, Conductor—Mr. Fairburn, with full band and chorus. The whole performance passed off with the greatest success.

BARCELONA.—Mr. Santley made his first appearance at the Italian Opera, on the 15th inst., as Count di Luna in the *Trovatore*, and had extraordinary success. He was recalled several times in the course of the evening, and received on each occasion with the utmost enthusiasm.

CRYSTAL PALACE COMPANY.—The report of the directors has just been issued. The result of the year's working (ending 31st October) shows a balance in favour of revenue of £52,550 9s. 4d. After payment of all preference charges and interest, there remains at the credit of the general revenue account the sum of £20,812 5s. 3d. available for division amongst the proprietors of ordinary capital. Out of this sum the directors recommend the payment of a dividend of 2 per cent. (2s. per share), which will leave a balance of £758 15s. 3d. to be carried forward. An increase has taken place in the number of visitors during the year over those of last year of 173,972, making the whole number 1,661,083 as against 1,487,111. This is the largest number attained in any year since the opening of the Palace, except that of the International Exhibition. The increase of 173,972 just mentioned is made up of 145,794 paid admissions and 28,178 admissions of season ticket-holders. The latter is mainly due to the visits of persons residing in the district, and it is a gratifying evidence of the growth of that permanent neighbourhood so important for the interests of the Palace. The triennial Handel Festival—the last meeting of which took place in 1862—will be held in June next. An agreement has been entered into with the Sacred Harmonic Society on terms beneficial to the company, and every exertion will be made both by the Society and the Company to present the works of the great composer selected for performance on a scale of magnitude and completeness surpassing even former festivals. Mr. Costa will again conduct the festival, and changes are contemplated in the arrangements which will enable a larger number of persons to be present, and to hear the performances with greater ease and convenience than before.

MDLLE. ANTORT has been singing in German with great success at the Vienna Opera in *Faust*. That the fair artist is much admired by the Viennese public is proved by the fact that she receives £40 for each representation.

MRS. JOHN MACFARREN, on Wednesday last, December 21st, gave a performance of pianoforte and vocal music in the spacious theatre of the London Mechanics' Institute, which offers sitting accommodation for one thousand persons. The accomplished pianist executed selections from Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, &c., and the large audience manifested their gratification by cordial and prolonged applause throughout the evening. Madame Gilardoni was encored in two songs; and Mrs. John Macfarren, in obedience to an unanimous demand, repeated Brissac's brilliant arrangement of "The Minstrel Boy."

DUNDEE.—Master Willie Pape, who is at present delighting, and, we may say, instructing, the pianoforte players of the country by his performances, gave one of his pianoforte recitals last night in the Exchange Rooms, Castle Street, to a select and intelligent audience. His playing is of the right school, and possesses those characteristics which mark that of the best players of the day. His touch is firm, elastic, and round, and displays an amount of nervous energy astonishing in a youth of 14 years of age. Not less surprising is the ease and flexibility with which he executes passages of the utmost difficulty. His octave playing is a study in itself, so flexible are his wrists. He was encored in a piece by Gottschalk, but simply bowed his acknowledgments.—(Abridged from the "Dundee Advertiser").

LIVERPOOL.—(From our own Correspondent).—Mr. Andrew Halliday read some of his best contributions to "All the Year round" at the Concert Hall, Liverpool, before a numerous and fashionable audience on Tuesday evening last. *The Woman in Mauve* is the title of a new piece of a very novel description, written by Mr. Watts Phillips for Mr. Sothern, which was most successfully produced at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, on Monday evening, before a densely crowded house, comprising all the literary notabilities of the town. *The Woman in Mauve* is a sort of "sensation" piece, in which the "sensation" element is constantly satirised as it occurs with infinite wit and humor. Wilkie Collins and Miss Braddon have been pretty constantly in the eye of the dramatist, but his hints though hard are in good taste, and his verbal rapier though keen is polished. The scenery and ensemble were far above the average of provincial performances, and the acting of Mr. Sothern quite equal to his Dundreary, and perfectly unique in style and conception. *The Woman in Mauve* will be produced at the Haymarket at Easter.

[December 24, 1864.]

MR. MANTALINI IN HYSTERICS.

(From *Punch*.)

And has it come to this? We have lived to be attacked by *Mr. Mantalini*. Even the man-milliner's gentle soul has been aroused against us. "The little dogs, Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," barked at *King Lear*, he said, but what a very little dog whines against *Mr. Punch*. If it were not rather a vulgar little dog, we should say it was the tiny one which the Prince in the fairy tale had to find for his Papa.

Mr. Mantalini (as the other milliners know), when wearied of turning the mangle, looked out for other occupation, and ultimately became editor of *Le Follet*. We knew this, but never told, and we have been very kind to him, for the sake of many merry memories. But we regret to say, that "Alfred" has turned naughty, and scolds us demmably. He is a very naughty Alfred, for he sets out with such a declaration that he wishes to imitate another Alfred, now extinct, who presided over "a thousand worlds peopled with millions of little opera-dancers." What would *Madame Mantalini* say to that?

Alfred is very spiteful, and much as we like him, we must ask *Madame Mantalini* to give him ever so little a rap with a stay-bone on his little knuckles, for spoiling so pretty a paper as *Le Follet* with this wilful, wayward writing:—

"*Punch* used to be demmably funny, and his pippety-poppetty pokes made one laugh like—like demmation. But what a demmed falling off. None but a very low and ungentle mind could have found anything rude in what proceeded from our angel of a little gold pen, and perfumed ink (oh, so nice, dem it), when we were writing a little tickley-wickley article about our patronesses, the adorned and enchanting ladies of fashion. The rude beast—he shall be horsewhipped till he cries out demmably. Our first will not prove to be our last word with *Punch*, though such low company gives us a headache, as if fifty thousand bonnet boxes had tumbled down upon our head at once."

Now, Alfred, this is very unkind. When have we been so cruel and wicked, dear fellow, as to accuse you of meaning anything at all? And why will you, abandoning your own sweet manner, break out in the manner of the other and extinct Alfred, whose effort in the satirical line, as you say, caused *Mr. Punch* to leave him thenceforth and for ever in his own cesspool. You are very smart, we allow. Your little onslaught is exactly in the usual gentlemanly style in which *Mr. Punch* is abused. But then, most other people, Alfred, who launch these epigrams have reasons for it. *Mr. Punch* has either refused their rubbish, or castigated their folly, or done them a kindness, or in some way justified their spite. But for you, *Mantalini*, dear, he has never had anything but the prettiest compliments—sugar-plum critiques—rosewater crackers. There is a compliment in the very article you are pettish about, pet, if you could only understand it. What has gone wrong with the poppet of *Le Follet*? Has it been eating too many mince-pies for luck before Christmas? That is sad, but *Madame* must give it some gruel. We cannot be angry with our Alfred, but he is a demmation goosey-gander.

MADRID.—(From a Correspondent).—Madille. Grossi has appeared at the Opera here with complete success. The part selected for her débüt was *Orsini* in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Madille. Grossi's magnificent voice and good singing were fully appreciated and applauded with enthusiasm by a crowded house. The Lucrezia was *Madame Penco*, a legitimate artist in the fullest sense, but hardly in her sphere in a part so essentially dramatic. The part of *Gennaro* was well sustained by *Signor Niccolini*; that of the Duke by *Signor Selva*. *Madame Spezia* and her husband *Signor Aldighieri* are engaged and will appear in a few days. *Signor Mario* has arrived here from Paris in company with *M. Bagier*, director of the Italian Opera at Paris, and *M. Alary*. *Faust* will be produced forthwith, with *Signor Mario* as *Faust*, and *Madame De Lagrange* as *Marguerite*.

MADAME VOLPINI.—The *Presse Théâtrale* of Paris has received the following telegram from Lisbon, announcing the success of Madame Volpini in the opera of *Semiramide*:—"Hier, *Semiramide*; Madame Volpini, fanatisme, couronnes, bouquets. Applaudissements enthousiastes, rappels et ovations."

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

GUIDI (Florence).—Introduction à un nouveau Système D'Harmonie par Abramo Baschi.

LONSDALE, "The parting hour," song by E. A. SYDENHAM.
ANDREWS (of Manchester), "The Earth is the Lord's," verse anthem by R. ANDREWS.
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[December 24, 1864.]

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Some gave them white bread and some gave them brown,
Harlequin and Columbine, Pantomine and Clowns.

The Novel and Magnificent Scenery by Messrs. GEORGE DANSON, THOMAS DANSON, and ROBERT DANSON—The Dance, Invented and Arranged by M. PETIT—Music by MONTGOMERY—The Machinery by Mr. SLOMAN—The Costumes by Mr. S. MAX and Miss BENNETT—Mechanical Transformations, Properties, and Apparitions, by Mr. BRADWELL, assisted by Mr. A. J. BRADWELL—The Pantomime Arranged and Produced by Mr. EDWARD STIRLING—King Roaryborealis the Rampagious (the usurping Lion King, Monarch of all he surveys and a good deal more, who is at once a King and an M. P. ROAR).....Mr. ROUSE—Flunkebus (his Attendant and Chief Secretary, whose appointment is sealed with everlasting wacks).....Mr. ENDERSON—Robin (a Mysterious Youth, who poaches and encroaches, who is *A one*, and turns *out two* B, but who he doesn't signify for the present).....Miss FURTADO—Good Temper (the Genius of Jollity, welcome at all seasons, but more particularly at the present one).....Miss ELEANOR BUNTON (who has kindly undertaken to play the part).

The Demon Sulks (the foe to all cheerful folks, and the special enemy of Robin).....Mr. J. ANDERSON—Remorse, Despair, Guilt, Retribution (Inferior Demons).....By SPIRITUAL AGENCY.

Step and Fetchit (Robin's Head Retainers).....Messrs. DELAVANTI—White (a Baker).....Mr. J. DELAVANTI—Brown (a ditto).....Mr. W. DELAVANTI—Leo (a Pet of a Demon Cub).....Master NEWHAM—Policeman of the Time (whenever that may be).....Mr. PAUL—Princess Peppermintdrop (Daughter of King Roaryborealis, who doesn't bear any resemblance to the Lion).....Miss COTTRELL—Fairies had in for night'un, Demons to make a Demonstration, Guards, Huntsmen, Imps, Attendants, Tag Rag, Bob Tail.

Periwig (of the period) and the celebrated Hat-band of Brothers, combined with Supernumerary Forces of Auxiliaries too numerous to mention or even guess at,

HOME OF THE DEMON SULKS.

"Give me to drink." The vulgar demon and the low spirits. A letter and a double rap. Good Temper puts in an appearance and the Demon is put out. The Compact! Should Robin never lose his temper till his marriage all persecution is to cease.

RESPLENDENT GROTTO, OR HAUNT OF THE FAIRY PROTECTORS OF ROBIN.

GRAND ALLEGORICAL BALLET,

Representing Engineering Skill and Commercial Enterprise depicted in Blue and Red. The Blues supposed to be one of our huge Railway Embankments encroaching on the Sea Coasts; the Reds, the Sea Weeds left on the Coasts, that dance in the Silver Waves. The Embankment is driven off by the Sea, and the Reds (the Sea Weeds) enjoy their merry dance; but when the waves have retired and left the Shore the Railway Embankment (Blues) bind them in, when the Zephyras dance and unite Land and Sea in the Commercial Wealth and Strength of our Nation, By the LADIES of the CORPS DE BALLET.

A PORTION OF THE FOREST,

How the Princess indulges in a Sigh, a Soliloquy, and a Grand Scene,

ENCHANTED FOREST,

Wherein the Lion King is greatly astonished by

EIDOS AEIDES.

N.B.—This entirely New Effect, Invented and Patented by J. MAURICE, Esq. wherein Material Beings, without moving from the spot, are rendered Visible and Invisible instantaneously.

How the game is too high for Robin, who being able to bring nothing down, cannot be considered a Robin good fellow, and who pouches everything—including the eggs, and who performs a marvellousfeat by actually making an egg-at. How the King comes on and goes on, and who talks of *pudding* his finger into a *pie*, but who is interrupted in his request for *beef* by Robin's calling out for *bear*. How Robin says he is single and the King sees double, and how the poucher is carried away with the Princess, who is carried away by the poucher, leaving the King, like Lord Ullin, "lamenting," and how he is pricked by the demons and doesn't see the point though he feels it, and how his "eyes are made the fools o' the other senses" in a manner which

MUST BE SEEN TO BE APPRECIATED.

UMBRAEUS SOLITUDE.

How Flunkebus finds the "sweets of office" are occasionally a little *bitter*, especially when lion cubs have cut most of their teeth. How the Demon finds his tail would be all the better for a trifling cur-tailment, and he cuts it, rapidly followed by Leo, who hangs on him like a fast friend.

A GORGEOUS PALACE.

MARCH OF THE UNICORN GUARDS, FAIRY ELVES, AND THE

SMALLEST DRUMMER IN THE WORLD!

How Robin besieges the Princess's heart and the King besieges Robin's Palace—How Step and Fetchit "speak, yet nothing say," and how in the ticklish moment the Princess comes to the scratch, and how she tenders her tender heart to Robin—How the King discovers Robin to be his nephew whom he has defrauded, and, not knowing what to do, falls back upon the legend of the Nursery, declares he will beat him

ALL AROUND THE TOWN!

RAMPARTS OF THE CASTLE.

Great fall (out) in Bread—The rival Bakers, between whom there is no loaf lost—*"Bread-ren be friends!"*—Terrific meeting between the *Huns* and their *Heir!*—*"Whig torry or death!"*

Tremendous (Flour) Mill between the Unicorn Pet and the Lion Bully.

Resulting in the seizure of Robin by the Executive, and his being manacled from head to foot, to the delight of the Demon Sulks, who imagines that he must have lost his temper by this time and who is engaged at finding he was

Never Better Tempered in his Life.

How the King has the will to destroy the *will*, but how good temper seizes the *will* according to his *won't*. How Robin promises no more about it if the King will give his consent to the *match*, which is immediately struck. Robin is *de-lighted* and the *demos* disgusted at seeing *dem-on* such friendly terms, descends not only to low abuse but to regions even lower, and Good Temper having but one thing further to do, does it, by changing the scene to the joyous and unparalleled TRANSFORMATION SCENE entitled,

THE MAZE OF SILVER DEWDROPS,

RESPLENDENT WITH GLITTERING GEMS.
Forming a *coup d'ail* of unsurpassing Splendour and Novelty.

TRANSFORMATION

Columbine Miss DORLING.

Harlequin Miss NELLY DAVIS.

Harlequin Mr. ASH.

Pantalo Mr. PAULO.

Clown Mr. ENDERSON.

Sprites The Brothers DELAVANTI and THE ONE-LEGGED CLOWN The Graceful and Agile CAPELLO.

Programme of Fun and Comic Kalandar for '64 and '5.

Underground Railway for Everybody and to Everywhere.

Trip, Harlequin and Columbine—Good Wine needs no Bush—Royal Victoria Sherry—Green Arrivals—Passenger's Tickets—Bass's Act—Organic Changes—Christmas Dinner, the Roast Beef of Old England—A Fast Train, Arrival and Departure—Alterations of Trains for 1865—Look to your Pockets—That's the Ticket—Cupid in a way, "Oh, my Love"—Cabinets of Mystery—Sensation of the Day only a Guinea—The Brothers Davenport Outdone.

STREETS OF LONDON.

Booking not Paying—Fish not Flesh.

Trip, Harlequin, Columbine, and Harlequins—Universal Cooking for the Million—Terrific Combat—with Animals from America—North and South—Peace and Plenty.

National Hornpipe.

Soldiers and Sailors—(The Ballet)—accompanied by

THE TOM THUMB OF DRUMMERS! SMALLEST IN THE WORLD.

A Pot of Beer—Give the Poor Man his Beer—Rare Dish for a New Cookery Book—Clown's Head and Sause—Patent Omnibus to There and Back Again—Cheap Fares—"Jarvey, Jarvey," "Here am I your Honour"—The Want of the Day.

The Clowns's Market.

Goods for Importation, Exportation, and Embarkation—Tricks of Trade—Beef versus Pork—A Miser's Gold—Agricultural Show—Prize Pig—Wonderful Spiritual Changes—Horses Inside and Out—Topsy Turvy—Here's a go, "Mad Ox"—Contortion and Combination of Fun.

WONDER OF THE DAY!

Graceful Dance by the One-legged Clown, CAPELLO.

A SHOWER OF GOLDEN RAIN

(entirely Novel) Dissolves and reveals the

PARADISE OF FAIRIES and HOME of the

SILVER ZEPHYRS.

On WEDNESDAY, December 28, will be produced an entirely New Opera, in One Act, entitled

PUNCHINELLO.

Libretto by N. FARNIE, Esq.; Music by W. C. LEVEY (Composer of "Fanchette") Principal Characters by Messrs. G. HONEY, SWIFT, ROUSE, TERROTT, Miss COTTRELL, and Miss SUSAN GALTON.

MORNING PERFORMANCES

OF THE PANTOMIME

Every TUESDAY and SATURDAY,

commencing Tuesday, December 27th, at Two o'clock. Children under Twelve admitted at Half Price to all parts of the house, except Pit, which will be 1s. 6d. Stage Manager, Mr. E. STIRLING. Acting Manager, Mr. JARRETT. Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d.; Stalls, 7s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; First Circle, 4s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s. 6d.; Gallery, 1s. Doors open at Half-past Six, performances to commence at Seven o'clock precisely, and terminate at Eleven. The Box-office open daily from Ten till Five.